

VOICES

OF

THE



By H. C.

WEST

Illustrated

PRICE FIFTY CENTS











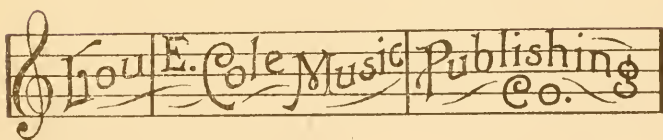
Yours Sincerely, L. E. Cole.

# VOICES OF THE WEST

## POEMS *OF* WASHINGTON

*By*  
LOU E. COLE  
||

*Copyrighted & Published by*



PORT ANGELES, WASHINGTON

1909

P83505  
.027 V6  
1909

LIBRARY of CONGRESS	
has Received	
MAY 10 1909	
May 3, 1909	entry
238277	XXC. No.



D. H. 92-64, 1930

## CONTENTS.



TO WASHINGTON.

A PROPHECY FULFILLED.

SUNRISE ON MT. BAKER.

PUGET SOUND.

THE ALASKA MAN.

THE WESTERN CALL.

LAKE CRESCENT.

A SONG TO THE OLYMPICS.

INDIAN "BOB."

TO THE SHIP SEMANTHA.

THE TIMBER CRUISER.

TO THE FORESTS.

SEATTLE, QUEEN OF THE WEST.

GET RIGHT WITH YOURSELF.

I'M KING OF EARTH.



## TO WASHINGTON.

Singing brooks, purling rills,  
Tangled wildwoods, verdant hills;  
Smiling valleys, fertile plains,  
Rich with orchards, fruits and grains,  
Timber, dairies, mills and mines,  
How thy future glory shines,  
Dear Washington.

Keeper of the western gate,  
Holder of the keys of fate,  
Of our Nation's sunset shores,  
How we prize thy golden stores;  
Diversified and evergreen,  
Success awaits thee, stately Queen,  
My Washington.

In thy many snow-capped peaks,  
That to the dome of heaven speak,  
Charms are born that tempt the pen  
Of artists, poets, travelers, men  
Versed in beauty, wit and praise,  
Each, to thee, great honor pays,  
Dear Washington.

## A PROPHECY FULFILLED.

Long ago, down the dim misty aisles of the ages,  
The Angel of Destiny passing this way,  
Jotted down a few notes on bright memory's pages,  
Of things she would see here in some future day.

As she mused o'er the scene that the red sun was  
    tinting,  
The snow-capped Olympics, with white hoary heads,  
The bright dancing waters on which the sun glint-  
    ing,  
Turned the waves into jewels set in green living  
    beds.

The tall ranks of hemlocks, the white fir and  
    cedar,  
That shook their green flags in the cool evening  
    breeze,  
That swept from the sea with a promise to lead  
    her  
To valleys, the home of the flowers and bees.

As she looks on the picture she sees the years  
    turning,  
The centuries pass like a swift silent dream;  
Empires cry, "Westward," here, tent fires burn-  
    ing,  
Tall smoke-stacks arise, and the forge-fires gleam.

Silent the night, how the bright stars are gleam-  
ing.  
On the wide world of waters one single ship  
sails;  
It bears brave Juan de Fuca, of a new world he's  
dreaming,  
He prays for a rest from the tempest and gales.

The Angel of Destiny, silently speeding,  
Is drawn to his tempest tossed ship in distress:  
She gives him a line: now, his ship she is lead-  
ing,  
To storm-sheltered harbor, his labors to bless.

The years have rolled on, and the ships of the  
Nations  
Now swing with the tides where the brave Span-  
iard prayed;  
Where only his voice raised in low supplication,  
Now murmurs a throng in white vestry arrayed.

To the eastward she looks, with the eyes of a  
seer,  
Across the wide stretches of mountains and plains,  
Sees bright ribbons of steel drawing steadily  
nearer,  
Sowing hamlets and towns 'midst the bright fields  
of grain.

With her back to the earth and her face to the  
sunshine,  
Her arms wide outstretched with each hand to the  
sea,  
Said, "These great water-ways, like unto these  
hands of mine  
Shall be to this land what my hands are to me."

For the Angel of Destiny knew by the shaping  
Of civilization, its course and events,  
The curtain would some day be torn from its  
draping  
And the West be awakened not many years hence.

Behold, in the works of the great Exposition,  
Alaska, Yukon, the Pacific's rich west,  
The Angel of Destiny's prophetic vision  
Fulfilled, and today, a great Nation blessed.



### SUNRISE ON MT. BAKER.

When the morning is breaking thru the clouds that  
    clothe the sky,  
Gilding with a flush of sunrise, like the light in  
    woman's eye,  
Painting mountains, hills and valleys, for a perfect  
    summer day,  
I love the tints the snow reflects from Mt. Baker  
    far away.

Across the dancing waters wide its snow white  
    summit seems  
A pile of golden, fleecy clouds like those I see in  
    dreams;  
It changes from a blushing red to pink, and then  
    to gray,  
The silver clouds now drop the scene until another  
    day.

Oh, rugged in thy beauty, great Mt. Baker by the  
sea;

You give me thoughts of grander things, when e'er  
I look on thee;

Oh, would that I might gain the heights you im-  
press on my soul,

By climbing up progressive peaks, and win pro-  
gression's goal.





### PUGET SOUND.

Spread between two mighty countries,  
Acting as an open door  
To the broad Pacific ocean,  
Washing thus each friendly shore;  
Gateway for the ships of nations,  
Calm and peaceful, world renowned,  
Ebb and flow with perfect rythm  
Sparkling waters, Puget Sound.

On thy bosom fleets of vessels  
To and fro as thistles fly,  
Waft and glide as fancy beckons,  
'Neath the blue of summer sky.  
On thy sloping banks of verdure,  
Rarest beauty can be found,

Hill and dale with Nature's carpet  
Hedge thy shores, fair Puget Sound.

Many islands dot thy surface,  
Emeralds set in quivering beds,  
Here the dainty rhododendrons  
Raise their lovely tinted heads.  
While across the dancing waters,  
Sunset scatters all around,  
Gleams of gold and copper mingled,  
With thy waves, dear Puget Sound.

Nestled in the lap of foothills,  
Great Seattle thrives each day,  
While Tacoma, ever busy,  
Stop the tides far up the bay.  
On the east, great white-robed Baker,  
Calm, serene, so vast—profound,  
As it were, a guardian angel,  
Watching o'er thee, Puget Sound.

Where the waters of the Fraser  
Swell thy tides with mountain snow,  
Fair Vancouver holds at anchor,  
Ships that sail at ebb and flow.  
While across the straits of Georgia,  
On the Island's fruitful ground,  
Rests so peaceful, calm Victoria,  
Smiling on thee, Puget Sound.

On the south the high Olympics  
Raise their crested heads so white,  
Lending all their massive beauty  
To increase each rare delight.  
Out to seaward from the ocean,  
Where the curling breakers pound,  
Come great ships with commerce laden,  
Glad to see thee, Puget Sound.

## THE ALASKA MAN.

From out of the ranks of her bravest men,  
Our Nation has sent her hardiest ones,  
To beard the Ice-king in his den,  
They dropped the plow, the forge or pen  
To claim the land of the midnight sun.

The call of gold with a siren's voice  
Was heard above the din of toil,  
And the pioneer, from a hero's choice  
Obeyed, and made their hearts rejoice;  
Left home and friends of the fruitful soil.

No armored Knight of "ye olden days,"  
Ever faced a foe on the battle plain,  
With greater courage, or unsung praise  
Of pen, or voice, or minstrel lays  
Than these, who tasted death and pain.

No danger too great, no road too long,  
For these heroes with hearts so grim;  
They would face the worst with laugh or song  
Tho the fates declare their hopes were wrong,  
And despair filled their cups to the brim.

Thru the snow and ice of the Ice-king's breath,  
They struggled thru the wilds untrod;  
And many a man felt the clutch of death,  
And heard the words that the angel sayeth  
As he gave up his soul to his God.

How they watched with hope and dewy eyes,  
Every time, for the mail sleds to come in,  
And a letter from home made the dull hopes rise  
Worth more than the gold, was this grandest prize  
That a husband or father could win.

How the way was paved by these hardy men,  
Where they "mushed" with their brave dog teams,  
From the road, one may see where the trail has  
been

Where the deep fills cross it now and then,  
As the train thru the canyon steams.

And the frozen earth from her creeks and sands,  
Gave up her treasured golden store,  
And fortune brought to these willing hands,  
Representing the brave of every land,  
Wealth and fame, that will live evermore.

Alaska man, you have gained a place  
In the hearts of men of today;  
The deeds you have done Time can never erase  
They are firm as though carved in the granite's  
face,  
And will shine like a star,—always.

When your form is bent, and your eyes are dim,  
And your mind wanders back o'er the past,  
To the trail, and its terrors cold and grim,  
And the Frost-king how you bested him,  
You can rest on your laurels, at last.

## THE WESTERN CALL.

Ho, ye, ho, ye, men or maids,  
Filled with zeal to do and dare,  
Leave the crowded gay arcades,  
Come and breathe the western air;  
Grow up with the mighty west,  
That today holds out the key,  
Of a Nation's treasure chest,  
Accept the call you hear from me.

Red, red blood will fill your veins,  
Health will glow from happy eyes,  
A hundred fold will be your gains,  
And nature yield a wondrous prize.  
Our wooded hills and valleys green,  
Are waiting but the husband skill  
To change the wild unbroken scene,  
To busy homes with land to till.

Opportunities are here,  
In the Golden Sunset West,  
Hear my call so loud and clear—  
“Ho, ye—Ho, ye, seek the best—  
Land or lumber, dairies, mines,  
Farm and produce, poultry, stock;  
Richest blessings here combines,  
And with health and pleasure walk.”



### LAKE CRESCENT.

Set like a pearl in a background of green,  
At the base of the mountains that tower on high,  
Where the evergreen slopes catch the clouds silver  
    sheen,  
And reflect on thy bosom, the tints of the sky.

Thy waters so clear, scarce a ripple to mar,  
Like the face of a maiden ne'er seared by a frown;  
Thy beauty exceeds many others by far,  
A beauty beyond that of city or town.

Thy wild, rugged scenery enchants every eye,  
Whether seen in the garb of September or June;  
Near the clear crystal depths, where the dark  
    shadows lie,  
The speckled trout darts at the swift whirling  
    spoon.

To those who are weary, you bring complete rest;  
Their troubles all vanish like dew in the sun;  
They throw off the bonds conventionalities pressed  
And revel in Nature, as they never have done.

What a comfort and joy is found on thy shore,  
In tent, shack or cottage, or in summer hotel;  
Sounds of gay songs and laughter from each open  
    door  
Tells the world, that all Lake Crescent is well.





### THE OLYMPICS.

Rock-ribbed Olympics, majestic and mighty,  
Children of inconceivable forces in Nature  
Who, in the beginning of old Earth's maternity  
Gave birth to such sublime, everlasting progeny.  
God thy great father, Earth thy fond mother,  
Raised thee, a monument of ineffable grandeur,  
In the dim ages of ruck and eruption,  
An inspiration and wonder to men and their  
children.

Thy white upraised faces look out on the ocean,  
That has sung since thy birth in rythmical cadence,  
In storm wild and fearful, or whispering zephyr,  
With God's orchestration, thru all the long ages.

Wistful the tempest tossed anxious mariner  
Peers thru the wind swept spray, chilling and  
    blinding,  
For the first sight of thy snow-capped embattle-  
    ments,  
That shelters the storm driven ships of the ocean.

Under thy sheltering wings, peaceful valleys,  
Lulled by the songs of the rills' constant murmur,  
Sleep in the warm summer air, safely nestled  
Around by the hills bathed in sunlight and glory.

Rock-ribbed Olympics, rugged and masterful,  
Source of the waterfalls, clear, cold and noisy,  
Tumbling and dashing adown the swift river,  
Meeting the white curling waves at the ocean.

Here stalks the antlered elk, peacefully browsing  
Thru his native glade, with no fear of the hunter;  
Lithe bodied deer and the bear shaggy coated,  
Rouse the fleet rabbit and the swift whirring  
    pheasant.

Thru the bright waters the trout, like a vision,  
Flashes and flits like a phantom of silver,  
Leaping and flashing their sides in the sunlight,  
Snapping the insects that hover the water.

Rock-ribbed Olympics, white capped and hoary,  
Guarding the gateway that leads to the ocean,  
Sentinels grim with your fixed passive faces  
Firmly you stand at your God given stations.

Rock-ribbed Olympics, white-capped and hoary,  
Guard with thy fortress of God-built masonry  
The westerly shores of the land of our fathers,  
From the wild elements, or foes of our Nation.

Above cloud clustered peaks, far up in the azure,  
Where soft snowy mantle falls on thy evergreens,  
Thy white upraised faces look out on the ocean  
That has sung since thy birth in rythmical cadence,  
In storm wild and fearful, or whispering zephyr,  
With God's orchestration, thru all the long ages.



### OLD INDIAN BOB.

Old, brown and wrinkled, grizzled and gray,  
His age long forgotten for many a day,  
Long and unkempt was the coarse, heavy hair,  
Bent was the form by the long years of wear;  
But broadly he smiled as tho "onto his job,"  
Did this relic of Puget Sound, "Indian Bob."

Contented and happy his canoe he would sail,  
Across to the sand-spit with shovel and pail;  
With old "Sally" to dig while he picked up the  
                  clams,  
Caring not for society's honors or shams;

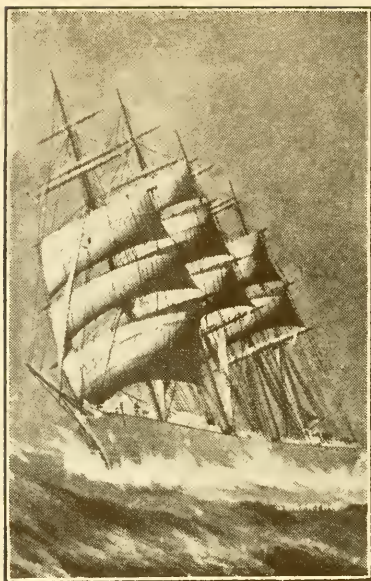
But calmly he smiled, as tho' pleased with his  
"job,"

A happy old siwash, was "Indian Bob."

When salmon were running, old "Sally and Bob,"  
In their siwash canoe, would the briney waves rob;  
With a smile he would say "catch 'um hien tyee,"  
And his hands indicate he had caught "twenty-  
three."

No questions of State, or artist's rare "daub,"  
Ever ruffled the life of old "Sally and Bob."

We who have worry, all day and all night,  
To capture all honors and nickels in sight,  
Might learn a few things from this primitive man;  
Perhaps we could learn that the much better plan  
Would be to live happy, away from the mob,  
And go back to Nature like "Indian Bob."



“SEMANTHA”

Semantha, my good ship tried and true,  
Swing idly now at your anchor's chain;  
I know you long for the cheery crew,  
And to spread your broad white wings again.

You long for the dash of the salty spray,  
For the heaving lift of the mighty deep,  
To dance, while the trade winds gaily play,  
And rouse old Neptune from his sleep.

You long to shake those billowy folds,  
To catch the breeze from the bending sky;  
The kiss of the sea where the porpoise rolls,  
And the liquid hills that go racing by.

It will not be long, my noble ship,  
Till you slip the chafing, clanking chain,  
And out on the ocean's quivering lip,  
You will reel with pleasure and delight again.

Like a restful bird, as it plumes for flight,  
You will bid adieu to the peaceful Sound;  
Let us think of England's green hills tonight,  
For soon we can sing, "We are homeward bound."



### THE TIMBER CRUISER.

Huh! never been out in the mountains? out in  
the timbered hills,  
Away from the noise of the city, the grind of com-  
mercial mills,  
Where you grind out nickles and dollars in the  
dusty and smoky air,  
Well, stranger, I pity you, "by gum!" Shake? sure  
thing; put it there.



Well, I wouldn't live in the city, fer all your  
wealth and gold;  
Where they'r everlastinly pushin' and shovin' to  
"do you" good and cold,  
Where the air is close and stuffy, and you ain't  
got room to sneeze,  
And the gold-brick men and "grafters" are about  
as thick as flees.

No, sir ! not me, "by hooky," I must have elbow  
room;  
Fer a rough old "timber cruiser" the town is a  
regular tomb ;  
Give me the woods and timber with their wavin'  
shady limbs,  
And the sound of the breezes thru 'em beats your  
high falutin' hymns.

You'd ought to go a trampin' with me thru the big  
Reserve;  
I can take you as straight as the crow flies, without  
a crook or curve  
Thru the greatest, grandest timber that ever grow-  
ed out doors,  
An its here in Olallam county, 'twixt the Sound  
and ocean shores.

You never saw such timber, man, in all your earth-  
ly days,  
You can't begin to see the tops, unless you'r off  
a-ways;

They'r as big as that, up at the limbs, and twice  
that at the butt,  
An lumber 'nuff to build a house in every bloomin'  
cut.

One day beyond Lake Crescent, I was runnin' out  
some lines,  
I was gettin' mighty short of grub, and knowin'  
by the signs,  
That a rippin' storm was comin', so I hiked it fer  
a tree  
That I had noticed several times, that shore looked  
"good to me."

It was a big old cedar, an' as holler as a drum;  
I hadn't more than reached it, when the blasted  
blizzard come;  
It snowed and hailed, the wind it blowed, snow  
piled above my door,  
I tho't my time had come to croak, I did, my  
friend, fer shore.

Three days it blowed an' hailed an' snowed, an  
holed me in the tree;  
I wandered 'round without a light, so dark I could-  
n't see;  
I stumbled over roots and chunks, I fell and bump-  
ed my head,  
An' when I should have said my prayers, I think I  
swore instead.

I didn't mind the dark a bit, nor hunger not a  
mite;

But what I suffered fer a drink, say stranger, 'twas  
a fright;

I feel its awful burnin' yet, it cut me thru an'  
thru. . . .

"What did you say? Oh, certainly, I don't care  
if I do."

But as I said — (A little rye.) here's to you, —  
well, let's see —

Another? sure! (Give me a beer.) remember  
its on me;

What! goin' stranger? well, "by gum;" he's a  
good one "I don't think;"

I wonder if he took me fer a bum — just after  
drink.



### TO THE FOREST.

Oh, mighty forest, deep and impressive,  
Tangled and dank in thy shadowy aisles,  
Stretching far over the hills and the valleys,

Eastward and westward for miles upon miles;  
Thru thy dark bosom that covers the foothills,  
The cold crystal waters flow down to the sea,  
The life of the earth, from the snow covered  
    mountains,  
That feeds and develops the beauty in thee.

Oh, mighty forest, deep and primeval,  
Grand and majestic, true mate to the hills;  
For numberless years thy green flags have been  
    flying,  
That now must be lowered, for destiny wills  
Thy surrender to man, who delights in destruction,  
Of Time's sacred archives that covered the earth,  
Long before Nations were dreamed of, or founded,  
Aye! ages before your destroyer had birth.

Noble trees, every one, how I love thy strong  
    beauty,  
I gaze with delight on thy evergreen dress;  
A symbol of strength, pointing up to the heavens,  
My soul feels the lift that thy lessons impress.  
Deep in thy bosom, God's numberless creatures,  
Dwell in security, free and uncaged,  
Safe in the depths of thy Nature-made temples,  
Never seeing the great Law of Freedom outraged.

Evergreen forests, of hemlock and cedar,  
Tall noble firs that the ages have grown,

May part of thy beauty go down to the future,  
A mark of respect by the present man shown.  
Too often, the hands of the vandal, by fire,  
With wanton destruction thy grandeur efface:  
May the shame be on them, and public disfavor  
Pour out on the rogues, just—eternal disgrace.

Oh, mighty forests, gigantic, o'erwhelming;  
The pride and the wealth of our Evergreen State;  
May the love of thy beauty and age give protection,  
Preserve and defend from thy hapless ill fate.  
As a servant to man, you have long done your  
duty,  
You house, shield and shelter from winter's cold  
blast;  
And the tragedy done to the Trees is a blunder,  
Will be seen, when too late, and the remedy past.

## SEATTLE, QUEEN OF THE WEST.

Where the high Olympics stand, near the broad  
Pacific's strand,  
Is Seattle, the city by the sea;  
Where amid the evergreen, wonders of the West  
are seen,  
At the Exposition of the A.-Y.-P.  
From Alaska's rugged shore, bags of golden nug-  
gets pour,  
See the treasures from the wonderland Yukon,  
While the whole united West, from old mother  
Nature's breast,  
Brings the best the sun has ever shone upon.

Seattle, glorious queen of the west,  
Dearest and fairest, the busiest, best,  
Guarding the gate to the great sunset sea,  
Travelers all say, "Well, you look good to me."

Dear old state of evergreen, of them all you are  
the queen.  
With your forests dark and deep on every side;  
From your thickly wooded hills come the sounds  
of busy mills,  
To your dairies, farms and mines we point with  
pride;  
And the Nations will agree, when they view the  
A.-Y.-P.,

That Seattle with great strides has moved apace;  
For her sisters from the East, has Seattle spread  
    this feast,  
May the hand of Time its memories ne'er erase.



## GET RIGHT WITH YOURSELF.

Get right with yourself, the world's not wrong;  
Don't waste your time in tears and sighs;  
But rather, be sending your voice in song,  
Up to the limitless, boundless skies.  
Hope shines bright on the mountain's brow,  
The brightest star in our firmament;  
She beckons—she whispers, "Improve the now,  
Each priceless moment is quickly spent."

Get right with yourself, the world's not wrong;  
Don't look for pictures that bring despair;  
'Tis action and hope that makes one strong,  
Dispelling the gloom of fear and care.  
Worry and misery eats at the heart,  
As the cut-worm feeds on the tender shoot;  
But the man of action lives a part  
Of the busy world that produces fruit.

Get right with yourself; the world's not wrong,  
Don't be a drag to your precious soul;  
Get in and mix with the hustling throng,  
Be true and brave and you'll win the goal.  
The soul that plumes for a higher flight,  
Shall gain reward for its very own;  
It lives no more amidst gloom and night,  
It will reach the light by its growth alone.

## I'M KING OF EARTH.

King of the greatest kingdoms, I,  
Beneath the boundless bending sky;  
My subjects swarm the teeming earth,  
Whatever country gave them birth  
It matters not, they bow their head  
And follow as a lamb that's led  
To offer up their grandest prize,  
To find a favor in my eyes.

Of all the subjects any King  
Could wish, or want, yes—any thing,  
I'm proud to say my very own  
Are better than most subjects known.  
I do not need to watch or doubt  
To find one single subject out;  
I know, that they are true to me  
As moaning tides obey the sea.

They come, and go, obey my will,  
Each strives my pleasure cup to fill;  
And I, like any happy King,  
Am pleased, am glad that such a thing  
As discontent or childish tears  
Of not one subject reach my ears.

So, proud and calm I walk the globe  
Arrayed in scarlet flowing robe,  
And look on other Kings in glee,

For they are subjects, too, to me.  
I count them not one whit more great  
Than lowly, in their lowest state;  
For all alike, they bend the knee,  
And serve on land or on the sea  
In any place, at any task  
That I, their King and Sovereign, ask.

Among the wealthy, moneyed men—  
Or those who wield the sword or pen,  
The high and low, the rich or poor,  
I boldly enter at their door.  
In Justice Courts—in stately halls—  
Cathedrals where the sinner crawls—  
Where choir the holy anthem sings  
Where burning incense slowly swings:  
The home, the State—the World around  
Where'er the tongue of man doth sound—  
I move my scepter—they obey  
Who yield to my unrivalled sway.

Now—know ye not, oh, mortal man,  
That I control your earthly span?  
I hold you as my servant—slave,  
From mother's breast to yawning grave;  
Of all the great unnumbered host  
Of earth, I surely claim the most.  
And who am I? incline your ear;  
I'm King of Earth, my name is—FEAR.

*PORT ANGELES, WASHINGTON,*  
*has the finest harbor in the world.*

*PORT ANGELES, WASHINGTON,*  
*offers a field for investment un-*  
*equaled anywhere.*

---

*Before investing call on or Write us and get our FREE*  
*descriptive pamphlet.*

---

*THOS. T ALDWELL & CO.,*  
*Established 1890.*  
*Port Angeles, Washington.*

**J. G. GARRISON**

**The Peoples Market**

**Fresh and Salt Meats, Poultry, Vegetables**

---

*Special Attention given to orders for Supplies from*  
*Outing Parties to the Lakes and Mountains*

---

**Port Angeles, Wash.**

*E. E. Day, Proprietor*

# *Merchants Hotel*

*Port Angeles, Wash.*

---

*The Leading Hotel  
of the City*

---

*Home of the Commercial Man*

## **E. E. Hopkins Grocery Co.**

**Staple and Fancy  
Groceries  
Flour and Feed**

---



**We are sole agents for Pyramid Flour  
in Clallam County**

**Front Street, Port Angeles, Washington.**

# Seevers Cash Store Co.

Cor. First and Laurel Sts.,  
Port Angeles, Washington.

---

Exclusive agents for

**"Preferred Stock" Canned Goods**

**"Ridgeways" Teas**

**"Barrington Hall" Coffee**

**Also handle the Best in all lines  
of Groceries and Feed**

---

Seevers & Baskins, Proprietors.

---

*"The Wizard of the Fields"*

## WILGROW

Wilgrow is a concentrated fertilizer, put up in small packages, thereby making its distribution a cheap and easy matter. Being a concentrated fertilizer, only a very small amount is required to produce the largest yield. There's no use in paying dray and freight charges on bulky fertilizers containing three-fourths sand, ash or dirt filler.

The small amount of Wilgrow required reduces the expense of fertilizing to about one-half the cost of manure or the average commercial fertilizers on the market.

Being made entirely of Whale Products and Sulphate of Potash, it does not contain a single seed of troublesome weeds.

The Nitrogen and Phosphoric Acid in Wilgrow do not exist in a form immediately soluble in water, therefore neither the seepage of rain or irrigating water carry these elements away quickly. They are given up only as needed by the plants.

**Manufactured by the F. B. Carlisle Co.,  
Port Angeles, Wash.**

# **PORT ANGELES AND CLALLAM COUNTY**

---

The Largest and Richest Territory as yet untraversed by railroads in the United States. Three Transcontinental Railroads are now building towards this rich field, which assures quick development.

## ***A GOOD FIELD FOR INVESTMENT***

---

Call on or write us for further information.

**CHEHALIS REALTY & INVESTMENT CO.**

EXCLUSIVE REALTY DEALERS

PORT ANGELES, WASHINGTON

*The Only Complete  
Line of*

## **Souvenir Postals**

---



Local Views, Banners,  
& Souvenir Novelties  
of    *o o*

**Port Angeles, Wash.,**

at the

**Prescription Drug Store,**

**C. E. NAILOR, Prop.**

**10 West Front St.**

C. S. Stakemiller, Manager.

## S. J. LUTZ & CO.

... dealers in ...

**Boots, Shoes, Rubbers, Clothing, Hats, Caps,  
Gents Furnishing Goods, Etc.**

---

### THE WALKOVER SHOE

---

Corner Front and Oak Streets,  
Port Angeles, Washington.

Established 1896.

## Commercial Hotel ☛ ☛

B. P. GRUBB, Proprietor.  
Port Angeles, Washington.



**First Class in Every Respect  
American and European Plan**



A Home for the Traveling Public.



*Business Training*  
*Thrift and Fortune*

are to be had when you  
open an account with

*Citizens National Bank*

of Port Angeles, Wash.

Established 1889.

Capital \$50,000.00

—OFFICERS—

H. M. FISHER,  
Pres. and Treasurer.

JOHN D. HICKOK,  
Sec'y and Manager.

*Clallam County Abstract Co.*



*The Only Set of Abstract Books*  
*in Clallam County.*



Port Angeles,

Washington.

# Mason & Watts

---

Confectionery, Cigars and Tobaccos  
Books and Magazines  
Ice Cream

---

Front Street, Port Angeles, Washington.

# Minerva E. Troy

Studio: 33 East Front St.,  
Port Angeles, Washington.

---

*ORDER WORK A SPECIALTY*

*Lessons in China, Water Colors and Oils*

---

*Skins, Tools and Designs for Leather Work  
and China Colors for Sale*

Revelation Kiln for Firing.

C. A. FATHERS,  
Expert Mechanic.

W. L. BOVEE.

# Gate City Machine Shop

— agents for —

Gasoline Engines, Automobiles,  
Mill Machinery and Supplies

Repairing of all kinds.

West First Street, Port Angeles.

# Central Baths

---



## TONSORIAL PARLORS

*New and Up-to-Date  
Finest Place in the City*

Port Angeles, Washington.

# The CANDY CASTLE

HANNAH DONAHUE, Proprietor

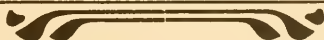


Confectionery, Ice Cream  
Cigars

Port Angeles, Wash.

*R. A. Muskett*

## TIMES CLOTHING MART



A complete line of Men's and Boys' Clothing,  
Hats, Shoes and Furnishings.  
Dry Goods, Ladies' and Children's Underwear  
and Furnishing Goods.  
Tents, Bags, Blankets and Quilts.

---

Opposite Post Office, Port Angeles.









MAY 10 1909





LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 021 929 776 2 ●

OLYMPIC LEADER PRESS

PORT ANGELES